PRotogenes can know Apelles by his line though he se him not, and wise men can consider by the Penn the auctoritie of the writer thoughe they knew him not. the Rubie is discerned by his pale rednes, and who hath not hard that the Lyon is knowne by hys clawes. though Æsopes craftie crowe be neuer so deftlye decked, yet is his double dealing esely desiphered: & though men neuer so perfectly pollish there wrytings with others sentences, yet the simple truth wil discouer the shadow of ther follies: and bestowing euery fether in the bodye of the right M. tourne out the naked dissembler into his owen cote, as a spectacle of folye to all those which can rightlye Judge what imperfections be. There came to my hands lately a litle (woulde God a wittye) pamphelet, baring a fayre face as though it were the scoole of a buse but being by me aduisedly wayed I fynd it the oftscome of imperfections, the writer fuller of wordes then iudgement, the matter certainely as ridiculus as serius. aluredly his mother witte wrought this wonder, the child to dispraise his father the dogg to byte his mayster for

his dainty morcell. but I se (with *Seneca*) ẏ the wrong is to be suffered, since he dispraysеth, who by costome hath left to speake well. but I meane to be short: and teach the Maister what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his own follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise, both binde me. therefore I would wish the good scholmayster to ouer looke his abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of inormities which begin in his first prinsiple in the disprayse of poetry. And first let me familiarly consider with this find faulte what the learned haue alwayes esteemed of poetrie. *Seneca* theughe a stoike would haue a poeticall sonne, and amongst the auncientest *Homer* was no les accompted then *Humanus deus*. what made *Alexander* I pray you esteme of him so much? why allotted he for his works so curious a closset? was ther no fitter vnder prop for his pillow thē a simple pamphelet? in all *Darius* cofers was there no Iewell so costly? forsoth my thinks these two (the one the father of Philosophers, the other the cheftaine of chiualrie) were both deceiued if all were as a *Gosson* would wish them, yf poets paynt naughte but palterie toyes in vearse, their studies tended to folishnesse,

and

and in all their indeuors they did naught els but *agendo nihil agere*. Lord howe *Virgils* poore gnatt pricketh him, and how *Ouids* flye byteth him, he can beare no bourde, he hath rayſed vp a new ſect of ſerius ſtoikes, that can abide naught but their owen ſhadowe, and alow nothing worthye, but what they conceaue. Did you neuer reade (my ouer wittie frend) that vnder the perſons of beaſtes many abuſes were diſſiphered? haue you not reaſon to waye? that whatſoeuer ether *Virgil* did write of his gnatt, or *Ouid* of his flye: was all couertly to declare abuſe? but you are (*homo literatus*) a man of the letter little ſauoring of learning, your giddy brain made you leaue your thrift, and your abuſes in London ſome part of your honeſtie. You ſay that Poets are ſubtil, if ſo, you haue learned that poynt of them, you can well gloſe on a trifleling text. but you haue dronke perhaps of *Lethe*, your gramer learning is out of your head, you forget your Accidence, you remẽber not, that vnder the perſon of *Æneas* in *Virgil* the practice of a dilligent captaine is diſcribed vnder ỹ ſhadow of byrds, beaſtes and trees, the follies of the world were diſiphered, you know not, that the creation is ſignified in the Image

of *Prometheus*, the fall of pyrrhe in the perſon of *Narciſſus*, theſe are toyes becauſe they ſa uor of wiſedome which you want. Marke what *Campanus* ſayth. *Mira fabularum vanitas ſed quæ ſi introſpiciantur videri poſſunt non vanæ*. The vanitie of tales is wonderful, yet if we aduiſedly looke into them they wil ſeme & proue wiſe. how wonderful are the pithie poemes of *Cato*? the curious comidies of *Plautus*? how brauely diſcouereth *Terence* our imperfectiõ in his *Eunuch*? how neatly diſſiphereth he *Danus*? how pleaſauntly paynteth he out *Gnatho*? whom if we ſhould ſeeke in our dayes, I ſuppoſe he would not be farr from your parſon. But I ſee you woulde ſeeme to be that which you are not, and as the prouerb ſayth *Nodum in Cirpo quærere*: Poetes you ſay vſe coulloys to couer ther incouiences, and wittie ſentences to burniſh theyr bawdery, and you diuinite to couer your knauerye. But tell mee truth *Goſſon* ſpeakeſt thou as thou thinkeſt? what coelers findeſt thou in a Poete not to be admitted? are his ſpeaches vnperfect? ſa uor they of inſcience. I think if thou haſt a ny ſhame thou canſt not but like & approue thẽ, are ther gods diſpleſant vnto thee? doth *Saturne* in his maieſty moue thee? doth *Iunio*

with

with her riches displeaſe thee? doth *Minerua* with her weapon diſcomfort thee? doth *Apollo* with his harping harme thee? thou mayſt ſay nothing les then harme thee becauſe they are not, and I thinke ſo to becauſe thou knoweſt them not. For wot thou that in the perſon of *Saturne* our decaying yeares are ſignified, in the picture of angry *Iuno*, our affections are diſſiphered, in ỳ perſon of *Minerua* is our vnderſtãding ſignified, both in reſpect of warre, as policie. when they faine that *Pallas* was begotten of the braine of *Iupiter* their meaning is none other, but that al wiſedome (as the learned ſay) is from aboue, and commeth from the father of Lights: in the portrature of *Apollo* all knowledge is denocated. ſo that, what ſo they wot, it was to this purpoſe, in the way of pleaſure to draw men to wiſedome: for ſeing the world in thoſe daies was vnperfect, yt was neceſſary that they like good Phiſitions: ſhould ſo frame their potions, that they might be appliable to the queaſie ſtomaks of their weriſh patients. but our ſtudientes by your meanes haue made ſhipwrack of theyr labors, our ſchoolemaiſters haue ſo offended that by your iudgement they ſhall *ſubire pænam capitis* for teaching poetry, the vniverſitie is litle beholding to you, al their practi-

ces in teaching are friuolus. Witt hath wrought that in you, that yeares and studie neuer settled in the heads of our sagest doctors. No meruel though you dispraise poetrye, when you know not what it meanes. *Erasmus* will make that the path waye to to knowledge which you dispraise, and no meane fathers vouchsafe in their serioule questions of deuinitie, to inserte poeticall sensures. I think if we shal wel ouerloke ỳ Philosophers, we shal find their iudgemẽts not halfe perfect, Poetes you saye fayle in their fables, Philosophers in the verye secrets of Nature. Though *Plato* could wish the expulsion of Poetes from his well publiques, which he might doe with reason, yet the wisest had not all that same opinion, it had bene better for him to haue serchi more narowly what the soule was, for his difinition was verye friuolus, when he would make it naught els but *Substantiam intelectu predictam*. if you say that Poetes did labour about nothing, tell me (I beseech you) what wonders wroughte those your dunce Doctors in ther reasons *de ente et non ente?* in they definition of no force, and les witt? how sweate they power soules in makinge more things then cold be? that I may vse

your

your owne phrase, did not they spende one candle by seeking another. *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, with ther scholler *Metrodorus* how labored they in finding out more worlds thē one? your *Plato* in midst of his presisnes wrought that absurdite that neuer may be redd in Poets, to make a yearthly creature to beare the person of the creator, and a corruptible substaunce, an incomprehensible God: for determining of the principall causes of all thinges, a made them naughte els but an *Idea* which if it be conferred wyth the truth, his sentence will sauour of Inscience. but I speake for Poetes, I ausweare your abuse, therefore I will disproue, or disprayse naught, but wish you with the wise *Plato*, to disprayse that thing you offend not in. *Seneca* sayth that the studdie of Poets, is to make childrē ready to the understanding of wisedom, and ẏ our auncients did teache *artes Eleutherias. i. liberales*, betause the instructed childrē by the instrumēt of knowledg in time became *homines liberi. i. Philosophye*. it may be that in reding of poetry, it happened to you as it is with the Oyster, for she in her swimming receiueth no ayre, and you in your reeding lesse instruction. it is reported that the shepe of *Enboia* want ther gale,

and

and one the contrarye side that the beastes of *Naxus* haue *dissentum* sel. Men hope that scollers should haue witt brought vpp in the Uniuersite , but your sweet selfe with the cattell of *Enboia*, since you left your College haue lost your learning. you dispraise *Maximinns Tirius* pollicey, and that thinge that that he wrott to manifest learned Poets meaning, you atribute to follye. O holy hedded man, why may not *Iuno* resemble the ayre? why not *Alexander* valour? why not *Vlisses* pollice? will you haue all for your owne tothe? must men write that you maye know theyr meaning? as though your wytt were to wrest all things? Alas simple *Irus*. begg at knowledge gate awhile, thou haste not wonne the maistery of learning. weane thy selfe to wisedome, and vse thy tallant in zeale not for enuie, abuse not thy knowledge in displaysing that which is pereles: I shold blush from a player, to become an enuiouse preacher, if thou hadst zeale to preach, if for *Sions* sake thou coldst not holde thy tougue, thy true dealing were praysle worthy, thy revolting woulde counsell me to reuerence thee. pittie weare it, that poetrye should be displaced, full little could we want *Buchananus* workes, and *Boetius* comforters may

not

not be banish.d.what made *Erasmus* labor in *Euripides* tragedies? did he indeuour by painting them out of Greeke iuto Latine to manifest sinne vnto vs? or to confirme vs in goodues? Labor (I pray thee) in Pamphelets more prayse worthy, thou haste not saued a Senator, therefore not worthye a Lawrell wreth, thou hast not (in disprouing poetry) reproued an abuse, and therfore not worthy commendation. *Seneca* sayth that *Magna vitæ pars elabitur male agentibus, maxima nihill agentibus, tota alind agentibus*, the most of our life (sayd he) is spent ether in doing euill, or nothing, or that wee should not, and I would wish you weare exempted from this censure, geue eare but a little more what may be said for poetrie, for I must be briefe, you haue made so greate matter that I may not stay on one thing to long, lest I leaue an other vntouched. And first whereas you say, ỳ *Tullie* in his yeres of more iudgement despised Poetes, harke (I pray you) what he worketh for them in his oratiõ *pro Archia poeta* (but before you heare him least you sayle in the incounter, I would wish you to to followe the aduise of the dasterdlye *Ichneumon* of *Ægipt*, who when shee beholdeth the *Aspis* her enemye

to

to drawe nighe, calleth her fellowes toge-
ther, bismering her selfe with claye, against
the byting and stroke of the serpent, arme
your selfe, cal your witts together: want not
your wepons, lest your inperfect iudgement
be rewarded with Midas eares. you had
neede play the night burd now, for you day
Owl hath misconned his parte, and for to
who now a dayes he cryes foole you: which
hath brought such a sort of wondering birds
about your eares, as I feare me will chat-
ter you out of your Iuey bush. the worlde
shames to see you, or els yon are afrayde to
shew your selfe. you thought poetrye should
want a patron (I think) when you fyrste
published this inuectiue, but yet you fynd al
to many cuẽ *preter expectationẽ*, yea though
it can speake for it self, yet her patron *Tul-
lie* now shall tell her tale, *Hæc studia* (sayth
he) *adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblec-
tant, secundas, res ornant, aduersis perfugium
ac Solatium prebent, delectant domi, non im-
pediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregri-
antur, rusticantur.* then will you dispraise ꝑ
which all men commend? you looke only vp
on ꝑ refuse of ꝑ abuse, nether respecting the
importance of ꝑ matter nor the weighe of ꝑ
wryter. *Solon* can sayne himselfe madde, to
further

further the *Athenians*. *Chaucer* in pleasant vain can rebuke sin vncontrold, & though he be lauish in the letter, his sence is serious. who in Rome lamẽted not *Roscius* death? & cãst thou suck no pleasure out of thy M. *Claudians* writings? hark, what *Cellarius* a learned father attributeth to it. *acuit memoriam* (saith he) it prouoketh ỹ memory. yea & *Tully* attributeth it for prais to *Archias* ỹ vpon any theame he cold versify extẽporye. who liketh not of the promptnes of *Ouid*? who not vnworthely cold bost of himself thus *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*. who then doothe not wonder at poetry? who thinketh not ỹ it procedeth frõ aboue? what made ỹ *Chians* & *Colophonians* fal to such controuersy? Why seke ỹ *Smirnians*, to recouer frõ ỹ *Salaminians* the prais of *Homer*? al wold haue him to be of ther city, I hope not for harme, but because of his knowledge. *Themistocles* desireth to be acquainted w̃ those w̃ could best discipher his praises. euen *Marius* himselfe, tho neuer so cruel, accõpted of *Plotinus* poems. what made *Aphricanus* esteme *Ennius*? why did *Alexander* giue prais to *Achilles* but for ỹ prayses which he found writtẽ of hym by *Homer*? Why esteemed *Pompie* so muche of *Theophanes Mitilenes* or *Brutus* so greatlye the wrytinges of *Accius*? *Fuluius*

was

was so great a fauorer of poetry, that after the Aetolian warres, he attributed to the Muses those spoiles that belonged to *Mars*. in all the Romaine conquest, hardest thou euer of a slayne Poete? nay rather the Emperours honored them, beautified them with benefites, & decked their sanctuaries which sacrifice. *Pindarus* colledg is not fit for spoil of *Alexander* ouercome, nether feareth poetry ỳ persecutors sword. what made Austin so much affectate ỳ heauenly fury? not folly, for if I must needes speake, *illud non ausim affirmare*, his zeale was, in setting vp of the house of God, not in affectate eloquence, he wot not, he accompted not, he honnored not, so much that (famous poetry) whyche we prayse, without cause, for if it be true that *Horace* reporteth in his booke *de arte poetica*, all the answeares of the Oracles weare in verse. among the precise Iewes, you shall find Poetes, and for more maiestie *Sibilla* will prophesie in verse. *Hiroaldus* can witnes with me, that *Dauid* was a poet, and that his vayne was in imitating (as S. Ierom witnesseth) *Horace*, *Flaccus*, & *Pindarus*, somtimes his verse runneth in an *Iambus* foote, anone he hath recourse to a *Saphier* vaine, and *aliquando, semipede ingreditur*.

ask

aſk *Ioſephus*, and he will tel you that Eſay, Iob and Salomon, vouſaked poetical practiſes, for (if *Origen* and he fault) not theyre verſe was *Hexameter, and pentameter*. Enquire of *Caſſiodorus*, he will ſay that all the beginning of Poetrye proceeded from the Scripture. *Paulinus* tho the byſhop of *Nolanum* yet vouſafe the name of a Poet, and *Ambroſe* tho he be a patriarke in *mediolanū* loueth verſifing *Beda* ſhameth not ỳ ſcience that ſhameleſſe *Goſſon* miſliketh. reade ouer *Lactantius*, his proofe is by poetry. & Paul vouſaketh to ouerlooke *Epimenides* let the Apoſtle preach at Athens he diſdaineth not of *Aratus* authorite. it is a pretye ſentence yet not ſo pretty as pithy. *Poeta na ſcitur orator fit* as who ſhould ſay, Poetrye commeth from aboue from a heauenly ſeate of a glorious God vnto an excellent creature man, an orator is but made by exerciſe. for if we examine well what befell *Ennius* amonge the Romans, and *Heſiodus* among his countrimen the Gretians, howe they came by theyr knowledge whence they receued their heauenly furye, the firſt will tell vs that ſleping vpon the Mount of *Parnaſſus* he dreamed that he receiued the ſoule of *Homer* into him, after the which he became a Poete,

the

the next will assure you that it commeth not by labor, nether that night watchings bringeth it, but ꝑ we must haue it thence whence he fetched it ẅ was (he saith) frō a wel of ꝑ Muses ẅ *Cabelimus* calleth *Porū*, a draught whereof drewe him to his perfection, so of a shephard he becam an eloquēt poet. wel thē you see ꝑ it commeth not by exercise of play making, nether insertiō of gawds, but from nature, and from aboue: and I hope ꝑ *Aristotle* hath sufficiently taught you: that *Natura nihil fecit frustra*. *Perseus* was made a poete *diuino furore percitus* and whereas the poets were sayde to call for the Muses helpe thermening was no other as *Iodocus Badius* reporteth, but to call for heauenly inspiration from aboue to direct theyr endeuors. nether were it good for you to sette light by the name of a poet since ꝑ ofspring from whence he cōmeth is so heauenly. *Sibilla* in hir answers to *Æneas* against hir will as the poet telleth vs was possessed ẅ thys fury, ye wey considerably but of the writing of poets, & you shal se that whē ther matter is most heauenly, their stile is most lo'tye. a strange token of the wonderfull efficacy of the same. I would make a long discourse vnto you of *Platoes* 4. furies but I leue them

it

it pitieth me to bring a rodd of your owne making to beate you wythal. But mithinks while you heare thys I see you swallowe down your owne spittle for reuenge, where (God wot) my wyting ſauoreth not of enuye. in this caſe I coulde wyſhe you fare farre otherwyſe from your foe yf you pleaſe I wyll become your frende and ſee what a potion or receypt I can frame fytt for your diet. and herein I will proue my ſelfe a practiſer, before I purdge you, you ſhall take a preparatiue to diſburden your heauy hedde of thoſe groſe kollis you haue conceued: but the receipt is bitter, therfore I would wyſh you firſt to taſteu your mouth with the Suger of perſeuerãce: for ther is a cold collop ẏ muſt downe your throate yet ſuche a one as ſhall chaũge your complection quit. I wyll haue you therfore to taſt firſt of ẏ cold riuer *Phricus*, in *Thratia* which as *Ariſtotle* reporteth changeth blacke into white, or of Scamandar, which maketh gray yalow ẏ is of an enuious mã a wel minded perſon, reprehending of zeale ẏ wherin he hath ſinned by folly, & ſo being prepard, thy purgation wyll worke more eaſy, thy vnderſtandinge wyll be more perfit, thou ſhalt bluſh at thy abuſe, and reclaime thy ſelfe by force of

argument.

argument so will thou proue of clene recouered patient, and I a perfecte practiser in framing so good a potion. this wroughte to passe I with the wil seeke out some abuse in poetry, which I wil seeke for to disproue by reason first pronounced by no smal birde euen *Aristotle* himselfe *Poetæ* (sayth he) *multa mentiuntur* and to further his opinion seuer *Cato* putteth in his censure.

Admiranda canunt sed non credenda poetæ.

these were sore blemishes if obiected rightly and heare you may say the streme runnes a wronge, but if it be so by you leue I wyll bring him shortly in his right chanel. My answere shall not be my owne, but a learned father shall tell my tale, if you wil know his name men call him *Lactantius*: who in hys booke *de diuinis institutionibus* reasoneth thus. I suppose (sayth he) Poets are full of credit, and yet it is requisite for those that wil vnderstand them to be admonished, that among them, not onely the name but the matter beareth a show of that it is not: for if sayth he we examine the Scriptures litterallye nothing will seeme more falls, and if we way Poetes wordes and not ther meaning, our learning in them wilbe very mene you see nowe that your *Catoes* iudgement

as

of no force and that all your obiections you make agaynſt poetrye be of no valor yet leſt you ſhould be altogether diſcoraged I wyll helpe you forwarde a litle more, it pities me to conſider the weaknes of your cauſe I wyll therfore make your ſtrongeſt reaſon, more ſtroug and after I haue builded it vp deſtroy it agayn. Poets you confeſſe are eloquent but you reproue them in their wantonneſſe, they write of no wiſedom, you may ſay their tales are friuolus, they prophane holy thinges, they ſeeke nothing to the perfection of our ſoules. theyr practiſe is in other things, of leſſe force: to this obiection I anſwer no otherwiſe then Horace doeth in his booke *de arte poetica* where he wryteth thus.

Siluestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Sedibus, et victu fædo deterruit orpheus.
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion Thebanæ condit vrbis
Saxa mouere sono, testudinis et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet fuit hoc sapientia quondam.
Publica priuatis secernere sacra prophanis.
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare Iura maritis,
O pida moliri leges, niscidere ligno.

The holy ſpokeſman of the Gods
With beauely Orpheus bight:
Did driue the ſauage men from wods.

And made them liue aright.
And therefore is sayd the Tygers fierce,
And Lyons full of myght
To ouercome: *Amphion*, he
Was sayd of Thebes the founder,
Who by his force of Lute dyd cause,
The stones to part a sonder.
And by his speach them did derect.
Where he would haue them staye:
This wisedome this was it of olde
All strife for to allay.
To giue to euery man his owne,
To make the Gods be knowne
To driue each lecher from the bed,
That neuer was his owne.
To teach the law of mariage,
The way to build a towne,
For to engraue these lawes in woods
This was these mens renowne.
I cannot leaue *Tirtheus* pollicy vntouched, who by force of his pen could incite men to the defence of their countrye. if you require of ỹ Oracle of *Apollo* what successe you shal haue: *respondet bellicoso numine* lo now you see your obiections my answers, you behold or may perceiue manifestlye, that Poetes were the first raysers of cities, prescribers of good lawes, maintayners of religion, distur

bers

bors of the wicked, aduancers of the wel dis-
posed, inuētors of laws, & lastly the very fot
paths to knowledg. & vnderstāding ye if we
shold beleue Herome he wil make *Platos* ex
iles honest mē, & his pestiferous poets good
preachers: for he accounteth *Orpheus Mus-
eus*, & *Linus, Christians*, therefore *Virgil* (in
his 6. boke of *Æneiados* wher he lernedly de
scribeth ẏ iourny of *Æneas* to *Elisum*) asser-
teneth vs, ẏ among them ẏ were ther for the
zeale they beare toward there country, ther
wer found *Quinque pij vates et Phæbo digna
loquti* but I must answer al obiectiōs, I must
fil euery nooke. I must arme my self now, for
here is the greatest bob I can gather out of
your booke forsoth *Ouids* abuses, in descry-
bing whereof you labour very vehementlye
termīg him letcher, & in his person dispraise
all poems, but shall on mans follye destroye
a vniuerlsal cōmodity? what gift what perfit
knowledg hath ther bin, emong ẏ professors
of w̄ ther hath not bin a bad, on the Angels
haue sinned in heauē, *Adā* & *Eue* in earthly pa
radise, emōg ẏ holy apostles vngratious Iu
das. I reson not ẏ al poets are holy but I af
firme ẏ poetry is a heauēly gift, a perfit gift
then w̄ I know not greater plesure. & surely
if I may speak my mind I thīk we shal find

 but

but few poets if it were exactly wayd what they oughte to be your *Muscouian* straungers, your *Scithian* monsters wonderful by one *Eurus* brought vpon one stage in ships made of Sheepeskins, wyll not proue you a poet nether your life alow you to bee of that learning if you had wisely waied ỳ abuse of poetry if you had reprehended ỳ foolish fantasies of our poets *nomine non re* which they bring forth on stage, my self wold haue liked of you & allowed your labor. but I perceiue nowe ỳ all red collourd stones are not Rubies, nether is euery one *Alexandar* ỳ hath a stare in his cheke, al lame men are not *Vulcans*, nor hooke nosed men. *Ciceroes* nether each professer a poet, I abhorre those poets that sauor of ribaldry, I will with the zealous admit the expulsion of suche enormities poetry is dispraised not for the folly that is in it, but for the abuse whiche manye ill Wryters couller by it. Beleeue mee the magestrats may take aduise, (as I knowe wisely can) to roote out those odde rymes which rimnes in euery rascales mouth. Sauoring of rybaldry, those foolishe ballets, that are admitted, Make poets good and godly practises to be refused. I like not of a wicked *Nero* that wyll expell *Lucan*, yet admit

mit I of a zealous gouernour that wil seke to take away the abuse of poetry. I like not of an angrye *Augustus* which wyll banishe *Ouid* for enuy, I loue a wise Senator, which in wisedome wyll correct him and with aduise burne his follyes: vnhappy were we yf like poore *Scaurus* we shoulde find *Tiberius* that wyll put vs to death for a tragedy making but most blessed were we, if we might find a iudge that seuerely would amende the abuses of Tragedies, but I leaue the reformation thereof to more wyser than my selfe, And retourne to Gosson whom I wyshe to be fully perswaded in this cause, and therefore I will tell hym a prety story, which *Iustin* wryteth in the prayse of poetrye. The *Lacedemonians* when they had loste many men in diuers incountryes with theyr enemyes soughte to the Oracles of Apollo requiring how they myght recouer theyr losses, it was answered that they might ouercome if so be that they could get an *Athenian* gouernor, whereupon they sent Orators vnto the *Athenians* humbly requesting them that they woulde appoynt them out one of theyr best captaynes: the *Athenians* owinge them old malice, sent them in steede of a *soldado vechio* a scholar of the Muses. in steede

of

of a worthy warrior a poore poet, for a courageous *Themistocles* a silly *Tirthetus*, a man of great eloquence and singuler wytte, yet was he but a lame lymde captaine more fit for the coche then the field, the *Lacedemonians* trusting the Oracle, receued the champion, and fearing the gouernment of a stranger, made him ther Citizen. which once don and he obteining the Dukdome, he assended the theater, and ther very learnedly, wyshing them to forget theyr folly, and to thinke on victory they being acuate by his eloquece waging battail won the fielde. Lo now you see that the framing of common welthes, & defence therof, proceedeth from poets, how dare you therfore open your mouth against them? how can you dispraise the preseruer of a countrye? you compare *Homer* to *Methecus*, cookes to Poetes, you shame your selfe in your vnreuerent similituds, you may see your follyes *verbum sapienti sat.* where as *Homar* was an ancient poet, you disalow him, and accompte of those of lesser iudgement. *Strabo* calleth poetry, *primam sapientiam. Cicero* in his firste of hys Tuscularis attributeth ỹ inuencion of philosophy, to poets. God keepe vs from a Plato that should expel such men. pittie were it that the memo-

memory of these valiant victours should be hidden, which haue dyed in the behalfe of ther countryes: miserable were our state yf we wanted those worthy volumes of poetry could the learned beare the losse of *Homer*? or our younglings the wrytings of *Mantuan*? or you your volumes of historyes? beleue me yf you had wanted your Mysteries of nature, & your stately storyes, your booke would haue scarce bene fedde wyth matter. if therefore you will deale in things of wisdome, correct the abuse, honor the science, renewe your schoole, crye out ouer Hierusalem wyth the prophet, the woe that he pronounced, wish the teacher to reforme hys lyfe, that his weake scholler may proue the wyser, cry out against vnsaciable desyre in rich men, tel the house of Iacob theyr iniquities, lament with the Apostle the want of laborers in the Lords vineyards, cry out on those dume doggs that will not barke, wyll the mightye that they ouermayster not the poore, and put downe the beggers prowde heart by thy perswasions. Thunder oute wyth the Prophete *Micha* the message of the LORD, and wyth hym desyre the Iudges to heare thee, the Prynces of Iacob to hearken to thee, and thole of

the house of Israell to vnderstande then tell them that they abhorre iudgement, and preuent equitie, that they iudge for rewardes, and that theyr priests teach for hyre, and the prophets thercof prophesie for money, and yet that they saye the Lorde is wyth them, and that no euil can befall them. breath out the sweete promises to the good, the cursses to the badde, tell them that a peeace muste needes haue a warre, and that God can rayse vp another Zenacharib, shew thē that Salamons kingdome was but for a season and that aduersitie cometh ere we espye it. these be the songes of Sion, these be those rebukes which you oughte to add to abuses recouer the body, for it is sore, the appedices thereof will easely be reformed, if that wear at a staye, but other matter call me and I must not staye vpon this onely, there is an easier talk in hand for me, and that which if I may speak my conscience, fitteth my vain best, your second abuse Gosson, your second abuse your dispraises of Musik, which you vnaduisedly terme pyping: that is it wyll most byte you, what so is a ouerstay of life, is displesant to your person, musik may not stand in your presence, whereas all the learned Philosophers haue alwayes had it in reuerence,

reuerence. *Homar* commendeth it highly, referring to the prayses of the Gods whiche Gosson accompteth folishnesse, looke vppon the harmonie of the Heauens? hange they not by Musike? doe not the *Spheares* moue? the *primus* motor gouerne. be not they *inferiora corpora* affected *quadam sumpathia* and agreement? howe can we measure the debilitie of the patient but by the disordered motion of the pulse? is not man worse accompted of when he is most out of tune? is there any thinge that more affecteth the sence? doth there any pleasure more acuat our vnderstanding. can the wonders ꝑ hath wroughte and which you your selfe confesse no more moue you? it fitteth well nowe that the learned haue sayd, *musica requirit generosum animū* which since it is far from you, no maruel though you fauor not that profession. it is reported of the *Camelion* that shee can chaunge her selfe vnto all coollors saue whyte, and you can accompte of all thinges saue such as haue honesty. *Plutarch* your good Mayster may bare me witnes, that the ende whereto Musick was, will proue it prayes worthy, O Lorde howe maketh it a man to remember heauenly things. to wonder at the workes of the creator, *Eloquence*

can

can ſtay the ſouldiars ſwoꝛde from ſlayinge an Oꝛatoꝛ, and ſhall not muſike be magnified which not onely ſaueth the bodye but is a comfoꝛt to the ſoule? Dauid reioyſeth ſingeth and prayſeth the Loꝛde by the Harpe, the Simbale is not remoued from his ſanctuary, the Aungels ſyng *gloria in excelſis*. Surely the imagination in this preſent inſtant, calleth me to a deepe conſideration of my God. looke foꝛ wonders where muſike woꝛketh, and wher harmonie is ther foloweth increcible delectation. the bowels of the earth yeld. where the inſtrument ſoundeth and *Pluto* cannot keepe *Proſerpina* if *Orpheus* recoꝛde. The Seas ſhall not ſwallowe *Arion* whilſt he ſingeth. nether ſhall hee periſh while he harpeth, a doleful tuner yf a diing muſition can moue a Monſter of ỳ ſea. to mourne. a Dolphin reſpecteth a heauenlye recoꝛde. call your ſelfe home therefoꝛe and reclayme thys follye, it is to foule to bee admitted, you may not mayntaine it. I hadd well hoped you woulde in all theſe thynges haue wiſelye admytted the thyng, and diſalowe naughte but the abuſe, but I ſee your mynde in your wꝛytinge was to penn ſomewhat you knowe not what,

and

and to confyrme it I wot not howe, so that your selfe hath hatched vs an Egge yet so that it hath blest vs wyth a monsterus chickin, both wythoute hedde, and also tayle, lyke the Father, full of imperfection and lesse zeale. well marke yet a lyttle moze, beare with me though I be bytter, my loue is neuer the lesse for that I haue learned of *Tullye*, that *Nulla remedia tam faciunt dolorem quam quæ sunt salutaria*, the sharper medycine the better it cures, the moze you see your follye, the sooner may you amende it. Are not the straines in Musike to tickle and delyght the eare? are not our warlike instruments to moue men to valoz? You confesse they moove vs, but yet they delight not our eares, I pray you whence grew that poynt of Phylosophy? it is moze then euer my Mayster taught mee, that a thynge of sounde shoulde not delyghte the eare. belyke yee suppose that men are monsters, withoute eares, oz else I thynke you wyll saye they heare with theire heeles, it may bee so, for indeede when wee are are delighted with Musike, it maketh our heart to scypp for ioye, and it maye bee perhaps by assending from the hecle to the hygher partes, it may moue vs, good-

policie

policy in sooth, this was of your owne coyning your mother neuer taught it you, but I wyll not deale by reason of philosophye wyth you for that confound your sences, but I can assure you this one thinge, that this principle will make the wiser to mislike your inuention, it had bene a fitter iest for your howlet in your playe, then an ornamēt in your booke. but since you wrote of abuses we may licence you to lye a little, so ỳ abuse will be more manifest. lord with how goodly a cote haue you clothed your conceiptes, you abound in storyes but impertinent, they bewray your reeding but not your wisedom would God they had bin well aplyed. But now I must play the musitian right noisse buggs now come in place but pauions and mesures, dumps & fancies & here growes a great question, what musick *Homer* vsed in curing ỳ diseased gretians, it was no dump you say, & so think I, for ỳ is not apliable to sick men, for it fauoreth Malancholie. I am sure, it was no mesure, for in those days they were not such good dāsers for sooth thē what was it? if you require me. if you name me the instrumēt, I wyl tel you what was ỳ musik. mean while a gods name let vs both dout, ỳ it is no part of our saluation to know what it

was

was noꝛ how it went? when I ſpeak wyth *Homer* next you ſhall knowe his anſwere. But you can not be content to erre but you muſt maintain it to. *Pithagoras* you ſay alowes not that muſik is decernsd by eares, but hee wiſheth vs to aſſend vnto the ſky & marke that harmony. ſurely thys is but one doctoꝛs opinion (yet I diſlike not of it) bnt to ſpeake my conſcience my thinkes muſike beſt pleaſeth me when I heare it, foꝛ otherwiſe the catter walling of Cats, were it not foꝛ harmonie: ſhould moꝛe delight mine eies then the tunable voyces of men. but theſe things are not the chiefeſt poynts you ſhote at, thers ſomewhat els ſticketh in your ſtomak God graunt it hurt you not, from the daunce you runn to the pype, from 7. to 3. which if I ſhoulde add I beleeue I coulde weſt out halfe a ſcoꝛe incõueniences moꝛe out of your booke. our pleaſant conſoꝛtes do diſcomfoꝛt you much, and becauſe you lyke not thereof, they arr diſcomendable, I haue heard it is good to take ſure fotinge when we trauel vnknowen countryes, foꝛ when we made aboue our ſhoe latchet *Appelles* wyll repꝛehende vs foꝛ coblers, if you had bene a father in muſick and coulde haue decerned of tunes I would perhaps haue likt

your opinion sumwhat where now I abhor it, if you wear a professor of that practise I would quickly perswade you, that the adding of strings to our instrument make the sound more hermonious, and that the mixture of Musike maketh a better concent. but to preach to vnskillfull is to perswad ẏ brut beastes, I wyl not stand long in thys point although the dignitye thereof require a volume, but howe learned men haue esteemed this heauenly gift, if you please to read you shall see. *Socrates* in hys old age will not disdain to learn ẏ science of Musik amõg children, he can abide their correctiõs to, so much accoũted he that, ẅ you contemn, so profitable thought he ẏ, ẅ you misliк. *Solon* wil estime so much of ẏ knowledg of singing, ẏ he wil soner forget to dye thẽ to sing. *Pithagoras* liks it so wel ẏ he wil place it in *Greace*. and *Aristoxenus* will saye ẏ the soule is musik. *Plato* (in his booke *de legibus*) will affirme that it can not be handled without all sciences, the *Lacedemonians* & *Cretenſis* wer sturred to warre by Anapestus foote, and *Timotheus* with the same incensed kinge *Alexander* to batel, ye yf *Boetyus* sitten not, on *Tauromitanus* (by this *Phrigian* sound) hastened to burn a house wher a strũpet was hidden. so litle abideth this heauẽly harmony

our

our humane filthines, ẏ it worketh wonders as you may perceue most manifestly by the history of *Agamemnon* who going to ẏ Troian war, left at home a musitian ẏ playde the *Dorian* tune, who w̄ the foote *Spondeus* preserued his wife *Clitemnestra* in chastity & honesty, wherfore she cold not bee deflowred by *Ægistus*, before he had wickedly slain the musitian. so ẏ as the magnetes draweth Iorne, & the Theamides (w̄ groweth in *Ægipt*) driueth it away: so musik calleth to it selfe al honest plesures, & dispelleth frō it all vaine misdemanors. ẏ matter is so plētiful that I cannot find wher to end, as for beginnings they be infinite, but these shall suffice. I like not to long circūstances wher les doe serue. only I wish you to accoumpt wel of this heauēly concent, w̄ is ful of perfettiō, proceding frō aboue, drawing his original frō the motion of ẏ stars, frō the agrement of the planets, frō the whisteling winds & frō al those celestial circles, where is ether perfit agreemēt or any *Sumphonia*. but as I like musik so admit I not of thos that depraue the same your pipers are as odius to mee as your selfe, nether alowe I your harpinge merye beggers: although I knewe you my selfe a professed play maker, & a paltry actor. since which ẏ windmil of your wit hath bin torned

so

lo long wyth the wynde of folly, that I feare me we shall see the dogg returne to his vomit, and the cleansed sow to her myre, and the reformed scholemaister to hys old teaching of follye. beware it be not so, let not your booke be a blemish to your own profession. Correct not musik therfore whē it is praies worthy, least your worthlesse misliking bewray your madnes. way the abuse and that is matter sufficient to serue a magistrates animaduersion. heere may you aduise well, and if you haue any stale rethorik florish vpon thys text, the abuse is, when that is applyed to wantonnesse, which was created to shewe Gods worthinesse. When ỹ shamefull resorts of shameles curtezanes in sinful sonnets, shall prophane vertue these are no light sinnes, these make many goodmen lament, this causeth parents hate there right borne children. if this were reformed by your policie I should esteme of you as you wysh. I feare me it fareth far other wyse, *latet anguis in herba*, vnder your fare show of conscience take heede you cloake not your abuse, it were pittie the learned should be ouerseene in your simplenesse, I feare me you will be politick wyth *Machauel* not zealous as a prophet. Well I will

not

not stay long vpon the abuse, for that I see it is to manifest, the remembraunce thereof is discommendable among the godly, and I my self am very loth to bring it in memory. to the wise aduised reader these mai suffice, to flee the *Crocodel* before hee commeth, lest we be bitten, and to auoyde the abuse of musik, since we se it, lest our misery be more Then we fall into folly. *Ictus piscator sapit*, you heare open confession, these abuses are disclaimed by our Gosson, he is sory that hee hath so leudlye liued, & spent the oyle of his perfection in vnsauery Lampes. he hath *Argus* eyes to watch him now, I wold wish him beware of his Islington, and such lyke reforts, if now he retourne from his repented lyse to his old folly, Lord how foule will be his fall. men know more then they speak if they be wise, I feare me some will blushe that readeth this, if he be bitten, wold God Gosson at that instant might haue a watchman. but I see it were needelesse, perhaps he hath *Os aurum*, and then what auayleth their presence. Well, I leaue this poynt til I know further of your mynde, mean while I must talke a little wyth you about ye thyrd abuse, for the eater cosens of pypers, theyr names (as you terme them) be players, & I

thinke as you doe, for your experience is sufficient to enforme me. but here I must loke about me, *quacunque te tigris vlcus est*, here is a taske that requireth a long treatis, and what my opinion is of players ye now shall plainly perceue. I must now serch my wits, I see this shall passe through many seuere sensors handling, I must aduise me what I write, and write that I would wysh. I may wel the seriousnes of the cause, and regarde verymuch the Iudges of my endeuor, whom if I could I would perswade, that I would not nourish abuse, nether maynteine that which should be an vniuersall discomodity. I hope they wil not iudge before they read, nether condemne without occasion. The wisest wil alwais carry to eares, in ẏ they are to diserne two indifferent causes. I meane not to hold you in suspẽc, (seuere Iudges) if you gredely expect my verdit hereby this it is.

Demosthines thought not that *Philip* should ouercome when he reproued hym, nether feared *Cicero Anthonies* force, when in the Senate hee rebuked hym. To the ignorant eche thinge that is vnknowne semes vnprofitable, but a wise man can foresee and prayse by proofe. *Pythagoras* could spy oute

in

in womens eyes two kind of teares, the one of greke the other of diſceit: & thoſe of iudge ment can from the ſame flower ſuck honey with the bee, from whence the Spyder (I mean the ignorant) take their poiſon. men þ haue knowledge what comedies & tragedis be, wil comend thē, but it is ſufferable in the foliſh to reproue that they know not, becauſ ther mouthes wil hardly be ſtopped. Firſte therfore if it be not tedious to Goſſon to har ken to the lerned, the reder ſhal perceiue the antiq uity of playmaking, the inuentors of comedies, and therewithall the vſe & como ditye of thē. So that in þ end I hope my la bor ſhall be liked, and the learned wil ſoner conceue his folly. For tragedies & comedies *Donate* the gramarian ſayth, they wer inuen ted by lerned fachers of the old time to no o ther purpoſe, but to yeelde prayſe vnto God for a happy harueſt, or plentifull yeere. and that thys is treme the name of Tragedye doeth impoꝛte., for if you conſider whence it came, you ſhall perceiue (as *Iodocus Badius* repoꝛteth) that it drewe his oꝛiginal of *Tragos, Hircus,* & *Ode, Cantus,* (ſo called) for that the actors thereof had in rewarde for theyr labour, a Gotes ſkynne fylled wyth wyne. You ſee then that the fyrſte

matter of Tragedies was to giue thankes and prayses to GOD, and a gratefull prayer of the countrymen for a happye haruest: and this I hope was not discommendable. I knowe you will iudge is farthest from abuse. but to wade farther, thys fourme of inuention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was vsed did decay, and the world grew to more perfection, so ẏ witt of the younger sorte became more riper, for they leauing this fourme, inuented an other, in the which they altered the nature but not ẏ name: for for sonnets in prayse of ẏ gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many ercles, the miserable fal of haples princes, The reuinous decay of many countryes, yet not content with this, they presented the liues of *Sayers*, So that they might wiselye vnder the abuse of that name, discouer the follies of many theyr folish fellow citesens: and those monsters were then as our parasites are now adayes: suche, as with pleasure reprehended abuse, as for commedies, because they bear a more plesanter vain, I wil leaue the other to speake of them. *Tully* defines them thus. *Comedia* (saith he) is *Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, & imago veritatis*, and it is sayde to be termed of *Comai*,

(emongst

(emongste the Greekes) whiche signifieth *Pagos.* & *Ode. Cantus*: for that they were exercised in the fielde. they had they beginning wyth tragedies, but their matter was more pleasaunt, for they were suche as did reprehend, yet *quodam lepore*. These first very rudely were inuented by *Susarion Bullus*, & *Magnes*, to auncient poets, yet so, that they were meruelous profitable to the reclampynge of abuse: whereupon *Eupolis* with *Cartinus*, & *Aristophanes*, began to write, and with ther eloquenter vaine and perfection of stil, dyd more seuerely speak agaynst the abuses thē they: which *Horace* himselfe witnesseth. For sayth he ther was no abuse but these men reprehended it. a theefe was loth to be seene one there spectacle. a coward was neuer present at they assemblies. a backbiter abhord that company. and I my selfe could not haue blamed your (Gosson) for exempting your selfe from this theater, of troth I shoulde haue lykt your policy. These therefore, these were they that kept men in awe, these restrayned the vnbridled cominaltie, wherupon *Horace* wisely sayeth.

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore.
Oderunt peccare mali, formidine pœnæ.

The

The good did hate al ſinne for vertues loue
The bad for feare of ſhame did ſin remoue.

Yea would God our realme could light vpon a *Lucillius*, then ſhould the wicked bee poynted out from the good, a harlot woulde ſeeke no harbor at ſtage plais, leſt ſhe ſhold here her owne name growe in queſtion: and the diſcourſe of her honeſty cauſe her to bee hated of the godly. as for you I am ſure of this one thing, he would paint you in your players ornamēts, for they beſt becam you. But as theſe ſharpe corrections were diſamulde in Rome when they grewe to more licenciouſnes: So I fear me if we ſhold practiſe it in our dayes, the ſame intertainmente would followe. But in ill reformed Rome what comedies now? a poets wit can correct, yet not offend. *Philemon* will mitigate the corrections of ſinne, by repraouing them couertly in ſhadowes. *Menandar* dare not offend ỳ Senate openly, yet wants he not a paraſite to touch them priuely. *Terence* wyl not report the abuſe of harlots vnder there proper ſtile, but he can finely girde thē vnder the perſon of *Thais*. hee dare not openly tell the Rich of theyr couetouſneſſe and ſeuerity towards their children, but he can controle them

them vnder the person of *Durus Demeas*. he must not shew the abuse of noble yong gentilmen vnder theyr owne title, but he wyll warne them in the person of *Pamphilus*. wil you learne to know a parasite? Looke vpon his *Dauus*. wyl you seke the abuse of courtly flatterers? behold *Gnato*. and if we had some Satericall Poetes nowe a dayes to penn our commedies, that might be admitted of zeale, to discypher the abuses of the worlde in the person of notorious offenders. I know we should wisely ryd our assemblyes of many of your brotherhod. but because you may haue a full scope to reprehende, I will ryp vp a rabblemēt of playmakers, whose wrightinges I would wishe you ouerlooke, and seeke out theyr abuses. can you mislike of *Cecilius*? or dispise *Plinius*? or amend *Neuius*? or find fault with *Licinius*? where in offended *Attilius*? I am sure you can not but wonder at *Terrence*? wil it please you to like of *Turpelius*? or alow of *Trabea*? you muste needs make much of *Ennius* for ouerloke al thes, & you shal find ther volums ful of wit if you examin thē: so ẏ if you had no other masters, you might deserue to be a doctor, wher now you are but a foolishe scholemaister. but I wyll deale wyth you verye freendlye,

I wil resolue euery doubt that you find, those instrumentes which you mislike in playes grow of auncient custome, for when *Rossius* was an Actor, be sure that as with his tears he moued affections, so the Mustian in the Theater before the entrance, did mornefully record it in melody (as *Seruius* reporteth.) The actors in Rome had also gay clothing & euery mās apparel was apliable to his part & person. The old men in white, ỹ rich men in purple, the parasite disguisedly, the yong men in gorgeous coulours, ther wanted no deuise nor good iudgemēt of ỹ comedy, whēc I suppose our players, both drew ther plaies & fourme of garments. as for the appointed dayes wherin comedies wer showen, I reede that the Romaynes appoynted them on the festiual dayes, in such reputation were they had at that time. Also *Iodocus Badius* will assertain you that the actors for shewing pleasure receued some profite. but let me apply those dayes to ours, their actors to our players, their autors to ours. surely we want not a *Rossius*, nether ar ther great scarsity of *Terrences* professiō, but yet our men dare not nowe a dayes presume so much, as the old Poets might. and therfore they apply ther writing to the peoples vain

where

wheras, if in the beginning they had ruled, we should now adaies haue found smal spectacles of soliy. but (of truth) I must confes with *Aristotle*, that men are greatly deligh-ted with imitation, and that it were good to bring those things on stage, that were al to-gether tending to vertue: all this I admit, & hartely wysh, but you say vnlesse the thinge be taken away the vice will continue, nay I say if the style were changed the practise would profit. and sure I thinke our theaters fit, that *Ennius* seeing our wãton *Glicerium* may rebuke her, if our poetes will nowe be-come seuere, and for prophane things write of vertue: you I hope shoulde see a reformed state in those thinges, which I feare me yf they were not, the idle hedded commones would worke more mischiefe. I wish as zea lously as the best that all abuse of playinge weare abolished, but for the thing, the anti-quitie causeth me to allow it, so it be vsed as it should be. I cannot allow the prophaning of the Sabaoth, I praise your reprehension in that, you did well in discommen ing the abuse, and surely I wysh that that folly wer disclayned, it is not to be admitted, it maks those sinne, whiche perhaps if it were not, would haue binne present at a good sermon.

it

it is in the Magistrate to take away that or
der, and appoynt it otherwyse. but sure it
were pitie to abolish ꝑ which hath so great
vertue in it. because it is abused. The Ger-
manes when the vse of preaching was for-
bidden them, what helpe had they I pray
you? forsoth the learned were fayne couertly
in comodies to declare abuses, and by play-
ing to incite the people to vertues, whē they
might heare no preaching. Those were la-
mentable dayes you will say, and so thinke
I, but was not this I pray you a good help
in reforming the decaying Gospel? you see
then how comedies (my seuere iudges) are
requesit both for ther antiquity, and for ther
commoditye. for the dignity of the wrigh-
ters, and the pleasure of the hearers. But
after your discrediting of playmaking, you
salue vppon the sore somewhat, and among
many wise workes there be some that fitte
your vaine: the practise of parasites is one,
which I meruel it likes you so well since it
bites you so sore. but sure in that I like your
iudgement, and for the rest to, I approue
your wit, but for the pigg of your own sow,
(as you terme it) assuredly I must discom-
mend your verdit, tell me Gosson was all
your owne you wrote there: did you borow
nothing

nothing of your neyghbours? out of what booke patched you out *Ciceros* oration? whence fet you *Catulins* inuectiue. Thys is one thing, *alienam olet lucernã non tuam*. so that your helper may wisely reply vpon you with *Virgil*.

Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores.

I made these verses other bear the name. beleue me I should preferr Wilsons. shorte and sweete if I were iudge, a peece surely worthy prayse, the practise of a good scholler, would the wiser would ouerlooke that, they may perhaps cull some wisedome. out of a players toye. Well, as it is wisedome to commend where the cause requireth, so it is a poynt of folly to praise without deserte. you dislike players very much, theyr dealings be not for your commodity. whom if I myghte aduise they should learne thys of *Iuuenal*.

Viuendum est recte,
cum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipue causis: vt linguas mancipiorum
Contẽnas. Nã lingua mali pars pessima serui.

We ought to leade our liues aright,

For

For many causes move.
Especially for this same cause,
Wisedome doth vs behoue.
That we may set at nought those blames,
which seruants to vs lay,
For why the tongue of euel slaue,
Is worst as wisemen euer say.

Methinks I heare some of them vertifing these verses vpon you, if it be so that I hear them, I wil concele it, as for the statute of apparrell and the abuses therof, I see it manifestly broken. and if I should seeke for example, you cannot but offend my eyes. For if you examine the statuts exactly, a simple cote should be fitted to your backe. we shold bereue you of your brauerye, and examine your aūcestry, & by profession in respect of ỹ statute, we should find you catercosens with a, (but hush) you know my meaning, I must for pitie fauor your credit in that you weare once a scholler. you runne farther to Carders, dicers, fencers, bowlers, daunsers, & tomblers. whose abuses I wold rebuke with you, had not your self moued other matters. but to eche I say thus, for dicing I wyshe those that know it not to leaue to learn it, & let the fall of others make them wiser. If they

they had an *Alexander* to gouern they shold be punished, and I could wish them not to abuse the lenitie of their prince. *Cicero* for a great blemish reputeth that which our gentilmen vse for brauery, but *sufficit ista leuiter attigisse*, a word against fencers, & so an end. whom I wish to beware with *Demonax* lest admitting theyr fencing delightes, they destroy (with the *Athenians*) the alters of peace, by raysing quarrellous causes, they worke vprores: but you and I reproue thē in abuse, yet I (for my part) cannot but allow the practise so it be well vsed. as for the filling of our gracious princes cofers with peace, as it pertaineth not to me, because I am none of her receiuors, so men think vnlesse it hath bine lately you haue not bene of her maiesties counsel. But now here as you begin folishly, so surely you end vnlernedly: prefer you warre before peace? the sword before the Goune? the rule of a Tyrant, before ye happy days of our gracious Queen? you know the philosophers are against you, yet dare you stand in handy grips wyth *Cicero*? you know that force is but an instrumēt when counsell fayleth, and if wisedome winnot, farwel warre. Aske *Alphonsus* what counsellors he lyketh of? hee will say his

bookes?

bookes. and hath not I pray you pollicy alwais ouermastered force? who subdued *Hannibal* in his great royalty? he ẏ durst knock at Rome gates to haue thē opened is nowe become a pray to a sylly senator. *Appius Claudius et senex et cæcus* a father full of wisedome can releue the state of decaying Rome. and was it force that subdued *Marius*? or armes that discouered *Catulins* conspiracies? was it rash reuendg in punishing *Cethegus*? or want of witt in the discouerye of treason? *Cato* can correct himselfe for traueling by Sea, when the land profereth passage, or to be sole hardy in ouer mutch hazard. *Aristotle* accompteth counsell holye, & *Socrates* can terme it the key of certentye. what shal we count of war but wrath, of battel but hastines, and if I did rule (with *Augustus Cæsar*) I woulde refuse these counselers. what made ẏ oracle I praye you accompt of *Calchas* so much? was it not for his wisedome? who doth not like of the gouerner that had rather meete with *Vnum Nestorem* then *decem Aiaces*? you cannot tame a Lyon but in tyme, neither a Tigres in few dayes. Counsell in *Regulus* will preferring the liberty of his country before his lyfe, not remit the deliuery of *Carthaginian* captiues

captiues, *Hanibal* shall flesh himselfe on an olde mans carkas, whose wisedome preserued his citye. *Adrian* with letters can gouerne hys legions, and rule peasablye his prouinces by policye. aske *Siluius Italicus* what peace is and he will say?

Pax optima rerum quas homini nouisse.
datum est, pax vna triumphis
Innumeris potior, pax custodire salutem,
Et cines æquare potens.

No better thing to man did nature
Euer giue then peace,
Then which to know no greater ioy,
Can come to our encrease.
To foster peace is stay of health,
And keepes the land in ease.

Take counsell of *Ouid* what sayth he?
Candida pax homines, trux decet atra feras.
To men doth heauenly peace pertaine,
And currish anger siteth bruttish vaine?

Well as I wish it to haue continuance, so I praye God wyth the Prophet it be not a buled. and because I think my selfe to haue sufficiently answered that I supposed, I conclude